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VOL. 6. NO. 157.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Dec. 27, 1862.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK:

AS HE LOOKED ON RECEIVING THE TELEGRAM ANNOUNCING THE RETREAT FROM FREDERICKSBURGH.

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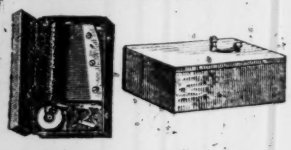

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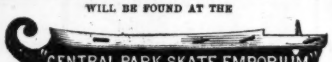

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NOT TO BE CAUGHT THAT WAY.

Lawyer.—"SIR, I HOLD IN MY HAND A CLAIM, WHICH—"

Cool Person, (interruptingly.)—"AH, YES! I SEE. PRAY BE SO GOOD AS TO KEEP A VERY TIGHT HOLD OF IT."

Mind your Stops!

CAPTAIN RONCKENDORFF, of the *San Jacinto*, was instrumental in stopping the sailor's grog—but he couldn't stop the *Alabama!*

Dried Up.

WE are told that Mr. DRYER, Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, has been dismissed for drunkenness.

As things often go by contraries, the name, DRYER, was an unfortunate one for any person condemned to a course of Sandwiches. A Wetter'un in diplomacy might have been fitter for the place.

A Letter too Much.

IT seems that the principal occupation of Count MEJAN, the French Consul at New-Orleans, is the gleaning of "back-stairs" gossip with regard to the Federal rule with which that city is now rapped over the knuckles. So low, indeed, has MEJAN stooped in the course of his investigations, that we cannot help wondering what business he has with the J in his name.

A Grunt from our Pig Pen.

THE Cincinnati market-reports teem with remarks about "dressed hogs" and "still hogs." What these curious terms mean we are at a loss to conjecture, not being of a piggy turn ourselves; but, proceeding from the sublime to the ridiculous, our pig pen prompts us to write that we know some dressy, or "dressed," men who are still hogs in the worst sense of the word.

BARBERISM EXTRAORDINARY.—Removal of WOOL from the head of the Maryland department.

RAGS HO!

LADIES, bring out your rags,
For our literature flags
From the lack of material for paper.
Bring out iron-mouldy shirts,
Bring out feminine skirts,
Bring out all threadbare wares of the draper.
They give two dimes a pound
For white rags, to be ground
At the mills for our suffering diurnals;
Oh! pity the hosts
Of *Suns*, *Heralds*, and *Posts*,
And all other poor paper-scant journals.

Ample food for the mind,
Of the popular kind,
Must be had, come what may of the body;
And straw-paper won't do,
For the ink-marks come through
Like the rain through a volunteer's shoddy.
Be all cotton sheets, frayed,
Into paper sheets made,
Each old night-cap to fool's-cap converted;
For we must read and write,
Should we have, in the night,
To go sheetless, un-nightcapped, unshirted.

Oh! ye teetering belles
Who wear numberless ells
Of entirely superfluous linen,
Can't you spare a few robes
From those swinging half-globes
That you think so confoundedly winning?
While with make-shifts we try
Fallings-off to supply,
In the newspaper world's raw material,
Spare us some of your "traps;"
Never mind the collapse—
When thinned down, you'll look twice as ethereal.

Angels! would ye not tear,
To help VANITY FAIR,
Into sbreds all your jaconet wrappers;
And behold turned to pulp,
Without one sobbing gulp,
All your broidered and lace-edged man-trappers?
For our troops, without stint,
You scrape *mouchoirs* to lint,
And your kindness each wounded brave blesses;
Should you have left a rag
Not required for "The Flag,"
Think in what a dilemma the Press is.

"Paper-rags," is its suit;
And as woman the fruit
First obtained from the great Tree of Knowledge,
Now that tree's short of leaves
Let our sweet modern Eves
From their wardrobes replenish its foliage.
Lo! the *Tribune's* come down
To a tint whity-brown—
A sort of an Octoroon color—
While the *Sun's* in eclipse,
The *Times* all goes to rips,
And the *Herald* grows darker and duller.

Only think! should the Press
Have to take a recess,
Of the dread intellectual famine!
No leaders, no news,
No Executive views,
No gumption, no gossip, no gammon.
We had all better tear
Our duds up and go bare,
Though the cold should our cuticles crinkle,
Than be always full-dressed
While our minds, sore distressed,
Get no chance to obtain a "new wrinkle."

A BOARD WITH A KNOT IN IT.

BOARDS of Aldermen, like other boards, are convertible into hard cases—a remark which is quite as applicable to our immaculate Board of Aldermen as to any other. On Thursday last the wise and virtuous men composing our immaculate Board threw out a petition for a certain donation, because the name of Dr. GRISCOM was attached to it. We have not the pleasure of knowing who Dr. GRISCOM is, but Alderman BRADY describes that professional gentleman as a person who "vilified" the Common Council on some occasion or other, and whose name, therefore, vitiated the document to which it was attached. Alderman BRADY further stated that the Doctor, in his petition, addressed the Aldermen as "Honorable Body," a distinction to which Alderman B., so far as we could gather from the report read by us, did not appear to consider them entitled. Altogether, Dr. GRISCOM appears to have got into a mess, generally. The person who could "vilify" a Common Councilman and then address an Alderman as "Honorable," ought to be looked after by his friends.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

FREDERICKSBURGH, Dec. 14th.

DEAR VANITY:—Sapristi!

I am in good humor again!

The song of the shrapnel hath saluted mine ear, and the rare red blood hath run like the crimson lees of wine in Sansovine!

Fredericksburgh has fallen.

I and BURNSIDE are triumphant. Yes.

As my friend, the Sova of Bango, once remarked, after defeating the Makololo, "I lead none but hunky boys."

You ought to have seen them, dear VANITY, tumbling across the river in a few little open boats, while the bullets pelted the water like a rain-storm on a duck-pond!

I was the first man on shore—of course!

I received eighteen wounds, most of them in vital parts.

I ran up into the town, covered with mud, blood, and sawdust, flaming, heroic, suffering, splendid. I waved my sabre victoriously above my beautiful head, and the earth trembled in palpitating response to my war-cry:

"*Allah il Allah! Bismillah! Chinchilla!*"

A grenadier charged me on horseback. I passed my sabre vigorously under his horse with a cut in tierce, and cut the animal's legs off at the knee. A regiment of light lansquenets rode down upon me. I sprang over them at a single bound, and captured the sutler. I laid the town in ashes. I pursued the Rebel Army to its batteries beyond. I marked my path with flame and devastation; with barricades of corpses; I set fire to a haystack. Nothing obstructed me. I removed it. I waded through a fierce baptism of blood and conflagration, and welcomed my foes with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

It is a way I have.

But I was not the only one who performed deeds of valor. A drummer of vivandières, only six years old last May, crossed in the second boat, and fought like a madman. He slew upwards of thirty-eight men in thirty-eight minutes, and that, too, without arms of any kind. Few young lads could have done better.

Passing through a street, the name of which I have forgotten, in search of a bar-room, I met the Rebel General LEE.

A terrific combat at once ensued. . . .

The first thrust of his sword passed entirely through my left cheek, carrying away a large quid of tobacco I wore there.

"Have at thee, villain vile!" I remarked, and neatly punctured his right scorbutic vein.

He then came at me, hammer and tongs. I received his blows handsomely on the flat of my back, and soon tickled him under the ribs with my damascus in a way that made him look sick. Both then held off, swearing at each other, to get breath.

Dodging under his next blow, I managed to seize his hip in my teeth, and threw him over my shoulder. He fell heavily. So did I. I sprang up again in a second. So did he. Having lost our swords in the fall, we drew our revolvers and blazed away. My shot took effect in his shoulder, near the chlorotic nerve, and paralyzed the white of his eye on that side.

Then I had him foul.

Just as I was about to give him the *coup de grâce*, a young and lovely female darted from a boarding-school that stood close by, and got between us.

"Spare him, oh! spare him!" she observed, with a good deal of anguish; "spare him, heroic Yankee, and I'll marry you!"

"Be you his relation, young woman?" I inquired.

"No, not his relation, but I don't like to see a man killed when he can't help himself. I know who you air. I've read your letters—all of them—"

"Poor girl!" said I.

"—and I admire your courage. I've often thought I'd like to marry you."

"There's a good many other young women troubled in the same way," I replied. "Just please stand one side, till I pop that fellow over, and then I'll go in the house and talk to you."

"Ah! please be magnanimous for my sake, and let up on him."

Now, VANITY dear, you, who know what a heart I have, need not be surprised when I tell you that I permitted General LEE to vamose without further interruption.

To see those glorious dark eyes, humid with pity and sympathy, upturned to me; to see that lovely brown back-hair, flowing in waves of glittering shine and shadow over the snowy shoulders; to see those fairy hands, sinuous and lithe, pearly, diaphanous, twined in pretty supplication about my thewy arm; to hear the ringing melody of that voice, sweeter than silver bells at sea—

"I can't refuse you," said I. "Command me henceforth, my sweetest rosey-posey! I spare you trembling miscreant for your sake alone."

. . . Then I kissed her.

LEE skedaddled.

I went into the house with my new charmer. She set out some cold beef and whiskey, and I refreshed.

"What is thy name, fair damsel?" I asked.

"My name is ABRAHAMINA," she replied, "but Pa is secesh, so he only calls me MINA. Won't you call me MINA, too?"

"I will, my peony of the orange-groves."

"And when shall we be married?"

"There, my sweet pond-lily, you rather get me," I rejoined. "To be frank with you, marriage is not exactly in my line, so if you'll excuse me, I guess we won't mention that just now. If I can show you any other politeness, I shall be happy to do so."

She wept a little when she found I didn't want to marry her, but I said, "Never mind," and kissed her again, so she got over it.

To tell you the truth, dear VANITY, I am a trifle in love—for the first time in my life—with this little MINA.

We have not got through fighting, yet. You may expect further deeds of prowess soon, from MCARONE.

"SYMPATHY OF RUSSIA WITH THE UNITED STATES."

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—An article with the above caption has been floating about among the papers, lately. It purports to be a correct report of a conversation that occurred between BAYARD TAYLOR, our *Chargé d'Affaires* in St. Petersburgh, and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. It is not correct. I know better. It has been tampered with. There are always people about a Bureau of Legation who tamper with things.

I alone have the power to give to the world a true and faithful report of that conversation . . . a conversation which can but produce the most marvellous results, and shake the entire social and political system of the civilized world to its centre.

I consider it of more importance than the discovery of SHAKESPEARE'S early profession.

Mr. TAYLOR applied, about the middle of September, to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, to procure him an interview with his Imperial Majesty, ALECK 2. The application drew forth the following reply:

"DEAR BAYARD:—It's no use for you to see the old Governor. I'm the man. Come round to-morrow and have a small tod, and we'll talk it over.

"I seize with the most vigorous avidity, Monsieur, upon this auspicious opportunity of reässuring you of my more than distinguished consideration. GORTSCHAKOFF.

"*Palace. Wednesday.*"

The Prince entered at once upon the topic of American affairs, directly Mr. TAYLOR presented himself.

"O dear! O dear!" said he, "I'm *so* sorry you're at war with yourselves. Why can't you make up with yourselves, hein?"

Mr. TAYLOR hastened to reply that "the critical period of the conflict was undoubtedly past. The backbone of the Rebellion was already broken in Western Virginia, and he understood that it was the intention of Government to crush it elsewhere.

"But, O dear me," responded Prince GORTSCHAKOFF; "the two parties differ. I'm *so* sorry they differ. Why can't they agree, now? The Northerners seem to take exception to the course of the Southerners, and the Southerners seem to take other exceptions to the course of the Northerners. Hein?"

"We regard Secession," said TAYLOR, "as inimical to the preservation of the Union. It is firmly believed, by our statesmen, that a permanent division of the Republic is not at present compatible with its continuance as an undivided whole; and we hope that Russia will agree with us that the Secessionists are a set of infernal fools."

"Russia," replied GORTSCHAKOFF, "has been powerfully in favor of all American movements, North and South, from the first. We are awfully anxious that some means may be adopted that may further the realization of all views."

"To the unbiassed mind," said Mr. TAYLOR, modestly, "it will doubtless appear that two states between which there is warfare, cannot be at peace, in the largest sense of the word. All loyal Northern men recognize this truth."

"You reiterate the sentiments of Russia!" cried the Prince, with great earnestness. "I've told 'em so a thousand times."

"It is true," added TAYLOR, "that if the Southern States return to the Union, it would be an acknowledgment of the failure of Secession. But it is no less true that their separation from the Northern States would prove the success of the same doctrine. This, if I mistake not, is the principal difficulty."

"I'm very, *very* sorry," said Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, "that there is any difficulty. Russia is sorry. She, having no difficulty herself . . ."

(Mr. Taylor was about to utter the word "Warsaw?" but observing a frown upon the Prince's face, was silent.)

". . . no difficulty herself, wishes that all other nations were equally free, peaceful, and happy. I agree with you in most that you have said, and when I agree, Russia does. God bless you. May it come out all right. Hein?"

"I thank you cordially," Mr. TAYLOR said, "for the firm support and indomitable adherence you give to my views. If I hadn't known, I wouldn't have believed it."

Mr. TAYLOR was standing within a few inches of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF during this conversation, and the enthusiastic effusion of the Prince's manner, throughout, showed that he was speaking from his heart. At times, a pale violet-colored glow, with crimson flecks, lit up the tip of his Highness's nose, and he winked fervidly with his right eye . . . two indisputable evidences of earnestness.

This encouraged TAYLOR to ask a few questions, which he had purposely abstained from, theretofore, for fear the Prince would not answer them.

"In case Russia were invited to intervene," he inquired, "would you do it, now?"

"Not a vene!" GORTSCHAKOFF said.

These words produced a profound effect upon Mr. TAYLOR, who instantly committed them to memory.

A silence ensued, which lasted some minutes. It was broken by the Prince.

"Anything further?" he asked.

"Your Highness did me the honor to refer to tod, in your Highness's note," replied Mr. T.; "but I see no tod."

"Excuse me," said GORTSCHAKOFF. He then filled two small glasses of Kirschwasser, and gave the sentiment:

"To America. Long may it wave."

This was drank, with suffused eyes, by Mr. TAYLOR. He then embraced his noble entertainer, and went home. I, also, withdrawing my ear from the keyhole, followed his example.

I leave you, dear V. F., to imagine the result of this conversation upon the destinies of the Union. Without doubt, important events may be shortly expected, and in the event of such occurrences we should be grateful to know that Russia stands where she always has stood.

Hoping that this true statement may correct the feeling produced by the garbled one made in the daily papers, I am yours, ***

A CHEERFUL IDEA FOR OUR IMBECILES.

THE following singular item is taken from an English paper:

"**Mr. QUEKETT, the Cambridge *savant*, has given orders in his will that after his death his body shall be dissected, and his skin taken off and tanned, in such a manner as to convert it into parchment, on which the Iliad of HOMER shall be copied, the singular MS. to be then deposited in the British Museum.**"

Many useful suggestions arise from the foregoing. In the present fabulous condition of the paper market, for instance, the human hide dawns brightly upon us as an excellent substitute for paper. There are a great many wicked persons in this community; there are a great many wicked persons in all communities. Let all such, when about to retire from this vain, frivolous world, atone for their follies, their atrocities, their shortcomings, and their overdoings, by bequeathing their cuticles to the gentlemen of the Press, who are now, themselves, *in articulo mortis* for want of the indispensable stationery upon which to promulgate their golden opinions. There are some ultra abolition radical uprooters whose hides ought to take Black-letter uncommonly well. Let all such die out as soon as convenient, and then let the cast skin of the snake compensate for much bygone venom and vice by doing duty as a decent, respectable, loyal, incorruptible Union paper. A copy of HOMER'S Iliad, engrossed upon the skin of a Cambridge *savant*, would not be half so striking a document as a good slashing article against the imbeciles now blundering over the Government Departments at Washington, such article to be printed upon the hide of——well, we won't say which of them; it doesn't matter much.

There are other uses to which the parchment derivable from imbeciles might gracefully be turned. The departing negro-worshipper, for instance, might give, devise, and bequeath, by will, his tough parchment for the purpose of having it converted into banjos for the lively contraband. Music would thus be drawn from a multitude of skins never suspected of containing any of that article during life. Who will demise his pelt for conversion into a good Union drum? Don't all speak at once. If any one of our Imbeciles will do that last great favor, by Jupiter Ammon won't we turn drummer ourself, and lay the sticks on with a will! How much nobler a spectacle than LARRY STERNE blubbering over a dead jack-ass would be that of V. F. performing a boisterous rat-tat-too upon the hide of one!

Ubiquitous Hero.

IN every cavalry charge is there not a Martial Neigh?

READING FOR THE LEARNED PIG.—A "Reuter's Telegram."

ONE OF OUR OPINIONS.

WE HAVE A GOOD NAVY ENOUGH, BUT IT SEEMS RATHER TOO HEAVY FOR OLD MR. SECRETARY WELLES TO HANDLE WITH EFFECT.

Shiver our Topsails!

ON the list of officers belonging to the *San Jacinto*, we find one set down as a "Sail-maker" and his name it is NORTH.

Now that may be all very well for the marines, but it is clear enough that we want a better Sail maker South than the *San Jacinto*, if we are in earnest about catching SEMMES.

Appropriate.

How graceful and fitting it is that the wife of the Secretary of the Interior should be the bountiful provider of a Christmas dinner for the soldiers at Washington!

Con. by our Cockney Man.

Q. WHAT opera would be likely to occur to the mind of DINORAH, supposing she had lost her goat?

A. 'Er Nanny.

"Winter's Tale."

SNOW is generally regarded as the emblem of purity, and yet it sometimes Lies for days, nay weeks, together.

Varnish for Cabinet Furniture.

THERE are a good many conflicting statements with regard to the antecedents of J. WESLEY GREENE, the man who caused a transient sensation at Washington by his story about "peace overtures" from the Confederate Government. A Pittsburgh paper says that GREENE was a japanner in that city, which is quite likely to be the case, as he seemed to lay the Varnish pretty thick upon the Cabinet at Washington.

JONATHAN ON THE GREEKS.

THER' *wooz* a time—I dunno 'zackly w'en—
'T Greece raised a pooty likely so't o' men;
Folks use't to say: *W'en one Greek met another,*
Then come the tug o' war. I guess't did, ruther.

They fit with *swoards*, an' *that's* wut tries a man!
'T ain't much to stan' an' sheöot, 'cept in the van;
But come to fightin' with a bowie-knife
'Er chargin' baynit—wal, *that* looks like *strife!*

I've read o' pooty scrumptious goin's on
Over in Greece, w'en father fit with son;
An' them short swoards 'd flash an' fly like blazes,
'T keep furrin sheep from croppin' all their daisies.

That air LEONIDAS, that planked his foot
Daöwn there 't Th'moppyly 's ef he'd took root,
An' fit all-fired great XERXES—wal, naöw, *he*
Looks so't o' wut a good Greek otto be.

An' snags o' other tip-top Greeky boys
Hev gone in steep, an' made' a righteous noise;
In fact, the nation one time stood so high,
It wa'n't a *dretful* long shot to the sky.

An' lately—so I've read in HALLECK's works—
The fit surprisin' well ag'in' the Turks;
Lord BYRON went an' helped 'em aöut, they say,
An' 'mongst their dearest fren's wooz HENRY CLAY.

Wut wooz the upshot o' this plucky fight?
W'y, w'en they'd beat, and got their kinks all right,
Instid o' profitin' by Nater's hints,
They went a-beggin' fur a furrin Prince!

A little squirt called OTHO wooz made King,
That never went an' did the fust red thing
To make his subjicks happier er better;
They never went to church or l'arnt a letter.

The little cus wooz weak as lemonade;
He kep' all usefle projicks in the shade.
An everige Greek soul wa'n't no more to him
Than last year's lightnin', 'less he took a whim.

Wal, OTHO's gone; an' naöw these bully Greeks
Er ready for the fust young Prince that speaks:
"Somebuddy fetch a boy 't ain't got no baird;
We'd gin aöur souls ef OTHO could be paired!"

Oh! wal, ef popcock's guntah reüle all threöugh,
I s'pose young *Bubby Alfy* p'r'aps 'll deö;
Ef not, TOM THUMB ain't fur below the cut,
Er there's the 30,000 Commodore NUTT.

The world hain't seen a horn with sech a taper,
Unless *aöur* country cuts some darned smart caper.
By mighty! wut's the odds, ef sech a land
Gits passeled aöut by some more paöwerful hand!

P'r'aps England sees a chance to make a strike!
P'r'aps France an' Rooshy want to deö the like!
An' there's a Turkey gobbler peckin' raöund;
An' Austry aches to grab her, I'll be baöund!

Wal, let 'em work; an' w'en that job is threöugh,
Ef *we* desarve it, let 'em grab *us*, teöo!
W'en lions fail, an' drop with their own heft,
Wolves lick their fat t'll ther' ain't a Greece-spot left.

THE NEW PLACE.

Inevitable Contraband.—"YAH! YAH! DIS CHILE'S ON DE MOVE TO HIS NEW SITUMAVATION. WONDER WHAT SORT OF PUSSON NEW MASSA'S GWINE TO BE!"

HINTS TO SKATERS.

No. 7.—Never attempt to make a graceful bow to a lady unless you know how to skate, if you would not assume the above ridiculous attitude.

No. 8.—If you wish to acquire a free and easy manner of skating, indulge freely in Bourbon.

No. 9.—How to make astronomical observations on skates.

No. 10.—Fast skating, although pleasing to yourself, may be slightly inconvenient to your neighbors.

No. 11.—Do not deposit more than $10 on hiring a pair of skates like the above.

No. 12.—The word "Danger" on a sign-board means that there is a hole in the ice, and that you may get in if you go on.

V. F.'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HEAVEN rest you! merry readers all,
This blithesome Christmas time,
And send you mighty appetites,
And keep your Spirits prime.
Washael! Washael!—with waving cap,
In laughing gas from Humor's tap,
So drinks your Jovial Mime.

In festal costume picturesque,
He makes his jolly round;
With Christmas cuttings from the wood
His pages' heads are crowned.
And though eschewing LINCOLN green,
His merry men bear arrows keen
To tickle, not to wound.

May all your boards with dainties groan,
And, in your festive glee,
May temperate draughts of Christmas punch
Prompt many a *jeu d'esprit*,
And bird-like Hope, with fluttering wing,
In every home a carol sing,
From every Christmas Tree.

Next Christmas may Love's Mistletoe
O'erwreathe our native land,
And North and South, no more estranged,
Beneath it smiling stand,
And with a kiss their troth renew,
And dance a joyous *pas de deux*—
Their brows with OLIVE spanned.

Tempus Fugit.

A MARINER who was taken prisoner by the *Alabama*, and released, states that there were fifty chronometers on board of that piratical craft, the spoils of sundry captured vessels. This may account for the *Alabama* making such good Time, when chased by any of our ships.

The Church Militant.

A SOUTHERN paper states that the steeple of the old Presbyterian Church at Petersburgh, Virginia, has been converted into a shot tower.

After this it only remains for us to express our conviction that the lead is supplied from the pulpit of the same temple.

A Fine Feeling for Color.

FROM the decision of Attorney-General BATES on the DRED SCOTT case, it appears that American ships may legally be commanded by colored masters.

We should rather think they may, sir. The sailor who nails his colors to the mast is a colored master, and, therefore, just the right sort of man to command an American ship.

A Question for Shoddy Tailors.

Is a "bad habit" sewed with "devil-darning-needles"?

A FEW HURRAHS.

HURRAH! for RED TAPE—supercilious chief
Of the Army and Navy Bureaux.
Hurrah! for each partisan swindler and thief
Who the Government leads by the nose.

Hurrah! for the *clique* that MCCLELLAN assailed,
And deprived of the other MAC's aid;
Hurrah! for the drivelling blockheads who failed
To give BURNSIDE the succor he prayed.

Hurrah! for the "plan" by MCCLELLAN eschewed,
And proved worthless on Fredericksburgh's field;
Hurrah! for the whole negro-worshipping brood,
Northern traitors self-labelled and sealed.

Hurrah! for court parasites, rolling in wealth,
While our heroes in arms get no pay;
Hurrah! for the consummate cunning and stealth
With which humbugs are got under weigh.

Hurrah! for the Gemini, STANTON and WELLES,
The astonishing men of the age;
Hurrah! for the numberless fictions and sells
That the people astound and enrage.

Hurrah! for the squadrons, bound—no matter where—
With a force in Virginia required;
Hurrah! for the promises, futile as fair,
That the Father of Lies must have sired.

Hurrah! for Rag-money that won't bring its face,
With which the whole country is swilled;
Hurrah! for the reckless and ruinous CHASE,
Who the National Credit has killed.

Hurrah! for whatever is stupid and rash,
And certain beforehand to fail;
Hurrah! in advance, for the ultimate smash,
Close at hand if we don't shorten sail!

TO THE PUBLIC.

FOR upwards of five months the Publisher of VANITY FAIR has been unable, through indisposition, to attend to business, and it is more than probable that a like period of time may elapse before he can resume his position. During this time, the undersigned, the manager of the paper from its commencement, and for some time past its proprietor, has been obliged, at the cost of much personal inconvenience and expense, to leave his home in another city and devote a portion of each week to the performance of these additional duties. All this was cheerfully borne; but when to this was added the present exorbitant rate for paper, entailing fresh difficulties on the management, the undersigned feels obliged to announce to the Public that it is no longer an object for him to continue the paper as a weekly.

VANITY FAIR, therefore, until better times, will hereafter appear as a Monthly of about twenty pages, of the same size and form as the Weekly, continuing the series. It will contain, as heretofore, nothing but original literary matter and illustrations prepared expressly for it, and will still continue to be what it has so long been, the leading humorous paper of the day, and the best printed illustrated paper published in America.

The first number will be issued about the 10th of January, and regularly the first of each ensuing month, and will be for sale by all newsmen at Ten cents a copy.

There will be no exchange list except with those with whom specific arrangements have been made, and then only for the unexpired time of the weekly.

No yearly subscription will be taken at present, but a copy of the paper will be mailed free on the receipt of Ten cents.

Charitable Associations, Army Hospitals, etc., to which we have hitherto supplied the paper, will receive it free as usual.

Subscribers to the Weekly will be served for their unexpired time with the Monthly, or, if they prefer it, by addressing the Publisher, the balance due them will be mailed when requested.

In conclusion, the undersigned begs leave to say that as there is nothing in the past conduct of the paper which he would wish to recall, so in the future the same national, intellectual, moral, and independent tone will be preserved. Belonging to no clique and swayed by no party, the Manager and Proprietor is alone responsible for the political or other views of the paper, and it will be his endeavor to keep it as honest, fearless, and outspoken as it has hitherto been. Much liberal advice has been tendered him by many, anonymously and otherwise, *as to how* the paper should be conducted, for which he is exceedingly grateful, although it was in an inverse proportion to that which was more important to the maintenance of the paper. VANITY FAIR Weekly has had a large number of readers in proportion to its purchasers. It will be a cheerful as well as a profitable thing to contemplate, if hereafter there should be something like an equalization of these elements.

The Editorial department will still continue under the able and experienced management of Mr. CHARLES D. SHANLY, to whom all contributions, designs, etc., should be addressed.

The business arrangements will be conducted, as heretofore, under the name of LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for the Proprietors.

WILLIAM A. STEPHENS.